fore I went away. He wept bitterly, seeming to think that you and his father and your children would hate him as an interloper. I thought, when he was left alone, he would be forced to tell. But it seems he has not told."

Elizabeth made no reply; but a great wave of pity for the boy, in his loneliness, his simplicity, his pride, overwhelmed her. Mrs. Gray continued in the same quiet voice:

"There is one thing I wish clearly understood. Kenneth's lameness does not come from neglect on my part, or poverty. I was well off, and I made up my mind to have the boy cured if it took everything I had in the world. I had the best specialists in London, and afterward in New York, for him, and they all told me the same thing,—he was incurable from the beginning. It was only when I was in the grip of poverty that I could make up my mind to surrender the boy—for his sake—for his sake!"

At this Mrs. Gray's stoical self-command gave way. She covered her face with her hands. Elizabeth, moved with pity, laid her hand on her shoulder. The touch of another woman's hand seemed to melt Mrs. Gray, and she burst into the tears so natural to women under stress and storm.

"You women who are mothers," she cried brokenly and sobbing, "think that you alone know the passion of motherhood—for I tell you it is a passion! But we, the childless women, we are the ones who commit crimes for the sake of children. Do you know that your husband could send me to prison for what I have done? And do you know that going away and giving up that boy for his own good nearly cost me my mind? The thought that I should never see him again—my God! my God! have pity upon me!"

"BUT why should you not see him again?" cried Elizabeth, herself weeping, and pitying her only as one woman can pity another. "Why should such an idea come into your mind? My husband is a just man, and one of the kindest on earth!"

Mrs. Gray caught Elizabeth's arm, and the two, weeping and crying together, felt a kinship. It was Mrs. Gray who first spoke of what the advent of the boy, so close and yet so remote, might mean to Elizabeth.

"I don't know how you feel about the boy," she said. "It means a strange child in your flock, who yet is not a stranger. It means the love of your husband for his firstborn,—I tell you, the firstborn is always the best loved!—and in that love you have no share. It means a new chord in what was before perfect harmony."

"Do you think," asked Elizabeth proudly, and drawing herself up, "that I am so weak, so worthless, that I can't meet the situation as I should? Do you suppose that any child, any or all of my own children, could come between my husband and me? No! A thousand times no! We—my husband and I—love our children as much as any parents could; we have made cheerfully the sacrifices that all good parents make. But my husband is first with me, and I am first with my husband always—always first!" Elizabeth's eyes were dry and bright and proud; she even smiled in her triumphant love.

"It is not all women who can feel that," answered Mrs. Gray, "nor all men who are worthy of it. I am going now. I know you will be good to the boy."

She turned and went out of the room so quickly that Elizabeth had no time to ask her whither and how she was going.

ELIZABETH went to the open window, and saw Mrs. Gray steal out of the house as noiselessly as she had entered. But at the same moment Mowbray and his visitor appeared at the house door, and saw Mrs. Gray walking away. The lawyer, walking rapidly, overtook her, and caught her by the arm; then Mowbray came up. There was a short conversation among them in quiet tones. Then Mrs. Gray and the lawyer walked away together toward the railroad station; while Mowbray returned to the house. When he entered Elizabeth's room she had slipped into a white silk dressing gown, with wide, open sleeves that showed her beautiful arms, and her long hair, unbound, fell over her shoulders. Mowbray thought, as she stood in her clinging white robe, the moonlight falling about her, that she looked like one of Fra Angelico's angels. He went up to her, and put his arms around her.

"My dearest—my very dearest!" he said. "Something has happened that has brought me deep joy. Yet I don't know—I can't know—how it will affect you."

"I know already what you would tell me," answered Elizabeth in a thrilling voice, and putting her arms about her husband's neck. "How could you doubt me?"

Mowbray caught her to his heart. In that embrace was all the concentrated tenderness of love and marriage and parenthood that was so sweet it was almost pain.

The Golden Voice

EASTER morning dawned with all the soft brilliance of the springtime in April. The children were up early; but no earlier than Kenneth, who had an invitation of six weeks' standing to come and help find the Easter eggs cunningly hidden in remote places, the mysterious woolly rabbits that hopped at the end of a string, and the yellow fluffs of toy chickens that nested where chickens never before nested. The shrill, sweet voices of the children ushered in the glow of the morning, Hubert's gay laughter, and Kenneth's gayer still. He had been a quiet and sad boy when he first came into that garden. Now he was the merriest youngster imaginable.

Presently Elizabeth stepped out on the balcony and called to Kenneth. The boy came limping into the library, bringing with him a little pot of Easter lilies, bought with his scanty pennies.

"It's for you," he said bashfully to Elizabeth—he was not much experienced in making presents.

"Thank you," replied Elizabeth, taking the pot of lilies, and putting it on the mantel. Then, taking the boy's hand, she said to him quietly, "Kenneth, your father and I know all about you now."

The boy's face grew ashy pale, and his eyes, darkly beautiful, were wide and frightened.

"Why," asked Elizabeth, "did you keep it from us, after your Aunt Edith went away, and told you to tell us?"

"Because," answered the boy, trembling and brokenly, "I was afraid you didn't want me. There are so many children already here—and I am lame. And I never meant to tell anybody; but when Esther—my little sister—was ill—oh, I was so frightened! I almost told you!"

Elizabeth recalled the strange and tremulous distress Kenneth had shown at that time. "Did you think," she asked, still gently, "that we would not be kind to you?"

"No, no, no!" cried Kenneth. "It was because you were so kind. I'm only a boy, and I can't explain things; but—but—you can understand!"

Elizabeth understood well enough—so well that she remembered the boy had remained cold and hungry and alone for many weeks, after he knew that he might have abundant warmth and food and a place in the family nest, safe and warm. She said something of this to Kenneth, and the boy burst into a passion of tears—after all, as he said, he was only a boy.

"It was cold," he sobbed, clinging to Elizabeth, "and often I hadn't enough to eat, and at night it was so awfully quiet and so lonely! But I wasn't in anybody's way. I kept on saying that to myself when it was so cold I couldn't go to sleep."

"That is all over now," said Elizabeth, taking Kenneth's hand. "Come with me—your father is waiting for you."

Still holding the boy's hand, she led him to the door of Mowbray's private study, a little room from which all were excluded except Elizabeth. Mowbray, as pale as Kenneth, opened the door.

"Here is our boy," said Elizabeth, with a heavenly smile to Mowbray, and, softly closing the door, she left father and son together.

THEN, going into the garden, she called the children round her, and told them briefly what was necessary they should know of Kenneth and his history.

Hubert shouted, "Do you mean, Mother, that Kenneth is going to live here? Hully gee!"

Little Esther, who listened as if she understood everything, caught sight of Kenneth sitting at the open window of Mowbray's study, talking earnestly with his father. "There's my Kenny!" she cried, trotting along the graveled path toward the window.

For the first time Mowbray's study was ruthlessly invaded. Hubert dashed across the flower beds and swung himself into the window; Christine and Sophy ran pellmell into the house; while Esther, seeing herself outdistanced, sent up a wail for "my Kenny." Harold, the thoughtful, held Esther up to the window. Kenneth caught the little one to his breast.

"My little sister! My little sister!" he cried with a sob.

As the church bells were ringing gloriously in the warm blue air, Mowbray and Elizabeth marshaled their flock to service. In the choir loft Hubert and Kenneth, in their red cassocks and white surplices, sat side by side, as usual, both singing out of the same book. When Kenneth's solo came he stood, leaning on Hubert's strong arm, the solemn beauty of the organ's peal sustaining the celestial thrilling of the strings, while his golden voice, vibrant with joy, sang of the glory of the risen Christ.

IMITATIVENESS OF THE MONKEY

IN hotels and private houses of India monkeys have been found that were trained to wait at table, bringing dishes and articles of food in a more or less mechanical way.

The story of the talented orangutan of Buffon, the naturalist, is classic. This creature gave visitors his arm, walked with them, showed them to the door, ate with a knife and fork, and drank from a glass, poured tea into a cup, sweetened it, and waited till it cooled before he drank it.

An orangutan at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris regularly unlocked with a key the door of the compartment he occupied, opened the door, locked it on the other side after he had entered, and then hung the key on a nail.

Flourens relates that he once visited the Jardin des Plantes in company with an aged scholar whose appearance greatly interested this orangutan, which was at large in the rooms of the institution. The scholar wore old-fashioned clothes, one article of which was a tall hat with a wide brim. He was much bent from age, and in walking supported himself with a heavy cane.

When the two men were about to depart the hat and cane of the old man were missing. Presently the orangutan was seen tottering through the room, his back bent almost double, wearing the hat upon his head, and walking stiffly by the aid of the cane.

Father Conbassou, a French missionary in the South Pacific, related that he had trained a young orangutan to perform many useful offices; but he took care that the monkey should be locked up during church services.

One Sunday, however, the monkey escaped from captivity, and, unseen by the missionary, crept into the church when a sermon was being delivered and took an elevated position in full view of the congregation. Here he began to imitate the gestures of the preacher so comically that the congregation could not restrain its laughter.

Father Conbassou was most indignant at such irreverent behavior, and reprimanded the native congregation sharply, pounding on the pulpit, but without seeing the monkey.

At this the animal fell to imitating and exaggerating the performance of the priest, greatly to the general mirth. Matters were rapidly becoming worse, when the people began to point out the orangutan, which was then peremptorily removed.